

IRRIGATION FARMING IS DEVELOPING RAPIDLY

Building of Storage Reservoirs Is Placing This Industry on a Reliable Basis.



1—Snowy Range, Where the Water Comes From for Irrigation. 2—Irrigating Canal in the Arkansas Valley, Colorado. 3—Wheat Fields in Colorado. Rocky Mountains in the Background.

For some time experts have recognized that the so-called arid country in the Rocky mountain region must some day be made to yield a vast amount of agricultural products, but they also have realized that this could not be accomplished except by irrigation.

The soil in that section is rich and the water supply is said to be ample once it is properly stored so as to insure the farmer of a continual supply during the growing season. This is being accomplished gradually.

Colorado excels all other states in the amount of land under irrigation. The census of 1910 showed that 4,000,000 acres were under ditch, and it was reported that with the completion of irrigation projects under way and in contemplation, the acreage would be increased to 6,000,000 acres. This is approximately one-fourth of the arable area of the state.

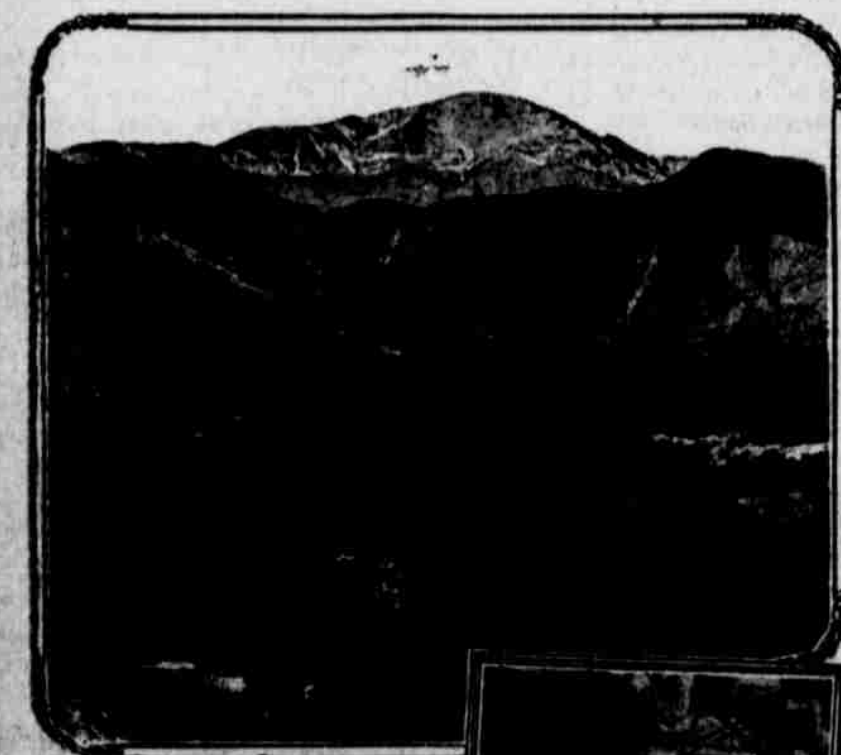
In the past the mistake was made often of over-estimating the capacity of an irrigation project. Time and experience has taught the builders to

avoid this error and the aim is to put just enough land under ditch that can be adequately watered during the entire irrigating season. This policy is restoring confidence in irrigation and will eventually cause the state to be completely settled with prosperous farmers.

Colorado's annual agricultural output is now something more than \$100,000,000. This includes fruit raising, which, in normal years, aggregates about \$7,000,000.

Reliable data shows that the yield of an irrigated farm in Colorado is more than twice the yield of land in a rain-belt country. It is estimated that the net returns from a well cultivated irrigated farm is at least 25 per cent on the valuation of the farm. It is not unusual for a Colorado farm to pay for itself in two or three years where the farmer couples intelligence and frugality together. Approximately \$60,000,000 has been expended in the construction of irrigation projects in Colorado. The total value of Colorado farm lands is placed at \$360,000,000.

STATEMENT OF COMPARATIVE PLAYGROUNDS



Pike's Peak, Colorado, Altitude, 14,109 Feet, Which Can Be Seen for Many Miles Out on the Plains. A Glimpse of Manitou at the Base.

Switzerland is called "the playground of Europe." Colorado is termed "the playground of America."

The mean elevation of the highest Alpine chain is only from 8,000 to 9,000 feet. Colorado possesses more than 300 peaks of over 12,500 feet altitude, of which no fewer than 25 peaks range from 14,000 upward.

These figures are sent out from Colorado by advocates of the See America First movement.

Further information from this same source shows that the highest village in Europe is Avers Platz, in Switzerland—altitude, 7,500 feet. The highest inhabited point is the Hoopoe of St. Bernard in Switzerland—8,300 feet. In Colorado the mining town of Leadville, with 12,000 inhabitants, is 10,000 feet above sea level. Other mining camps are still higher, and some gold and silver camps are worked at an even higher altitude.

There are several roads over mountain peaks in Colorado ranging from 10,000 feet upward, the highest being the Royal Gorge—10,100 feet. Switzerland has a cog-railroad that

Cog-Railroad Station on Top of Pike's Peak.

and one-half miles long which ascends to an altitude of 1,072 feet. The cog railroad from Manitou to the top of Pike's peak is eight and three-quarters miles long and the ascent is 9,100 feet, reaching an altitude of 14,109 feet above sea level.

"See America First," is the slogan. See the west, the east, the north and the south—then go to Europe if you must.

Really the Only Way Out.

"Young man, how do you expect to marry my daughter if you are in debt?" "Why, sir, in my opinion, by the only square thing to do. The longer I am engaged to her, the more off I will be."—Life.

Malvina Moves

Malvina sighed and arose from her typewriter. "I might have known that inspiration for love stories would flee from mountain boarding houses," she told herself as she swept a hand across her wide, intelligent eyes.

From the room below which was called parlor came the refrain of "Oh, You Beautiful Daddies," then, "Every Little Movement." The tone from the piano itself was like the jangle of many discordant tins, but the music—

Malvina stopped her ears, then, with quick movements slipped into her white jersey and out into the cool mountain air. Her nerves were in dire need of calm and quiet.

She walked on with lightened heart. The pungent odor of balsam and the cool breezes from the lake soothed her.

She approached a small camp with eager steps. How had this jewel in the forest escaped her before?

The young author did not stop to realize that this was her first venture into the depths of the woods. And with the writer's longing for seclusion Malvina pictured herself ensconced in that picturesque camp. She felt that all of her budding plot would burst into full bloom and that her name would appear in many of the magazines. Even under the trying position of living in boarding houses Malvina's work had found favor with two or three editors. James Blake of the Comet had been especially attracted to her stories. She hoped, before long, to meet him. He had been a great help to her.

The girl's imaginings had brought her to the door of the camp. Her eyes opened wide in surprise. The place was open at doors and windows and was apparently without an inhabitant. Malvina's heart quickened its beat. Perhaps she could run away from the boarding house with her little typewriter and work here in this wonder house?

Inside all was rough, but not without a sense of the artistic. Malvina came to the quick conclusion that a man who was fond of hunting owned the camp and that he was there only during the hunting season.

With joyous feet she hurried back to the boarding house and from there to the village store. It was imperative to Malvina that when writing she have pink flowered curtains and a pink kimono. The latter she already had. The pink curtains which she would tack up in the camp must be purchased at the one village store.

It was the following day before she arrived at the little house. She was laden with her typewriter, her pink curtains, her tea equipment and her pink kimono.

Malvina was tired but happy when she threw herself down on the wide couch for a moment's rest. The camp had been turned into a bower of pink and odd daisies of wild flowers were scattered about.

Outside at the edge of the forest, a big man swung along with an old handbag in one hand and his fishing paraphernalia in the other.

When he drew near an indefinable something stirred within him. Never before, during the many summers he had spent in the mountains, had his camp seemed so desirous.

Blake quickened his pace and sprang up to the veranda. He stopped before he had entered, held by the glimmer of pink at the windows.

Instinctively Blake removed his soft hat before going inside. He caught a quick breath and stood as if suddenly lost to his surroundings.

By all the laws of propriety Blake should have turned and left his own camp. But he could not move with the sight of Malvina pictured before him. She was in a sound sleep and her cheeks were flushed. Her glorious hair was a mass of spun copper that trailed over the cushion.

The power of his eyes disturbed her and she stirred. Blake, spell-bound, watched the heavy lashes flutter, then rise slowly up to reveal her eyes.

Blake then came to his senses and turned toward the door. He waited outside on the veranda until she should come. He felt that she would follow immediately.

Malvina did. "I suppose you are the hunter who invited wayfarers into your camp?" she asked with a half smile.

"And you are the wayfarer?" Blake returned because he could think of nothing else for the moment.

"I supposed the hunting season did not begin until later," Malvina smiled half wistfully.

"It does not. But fishing suits me almost as well, and since the Comet needs me in the fall—"

"And you need your own camp now," Malvina interrupted. "It is time for me to depart."

"Not at all—I intend to stay at a boarding place nearby—where I shall not have to bother even with my own meager fare."

But Malvina would not remain; she felt that she must go, and since Blake had insisted that he preferred to stay at the boarding place he must needs go whether or not he liked.

Thus, the two found themselves at the table of the mountain boarding house and it was in that once desolated place that—not a month later—Malvina promised to marry James Blake.

Cold Storage

"Why haven't you been out to see it?" inquired Anne of Evelyn, whom she had met downtown by accident.

"If you knew how busy I am you would not ask," replied Evelyn. "With all my office work, I hardly have time to keep neat. I came out today to buy a new gown which I should have bought a month ago. Come with me and we'll take a look at the shop windows."

"Really, I dare not. Windows are fatal to me. If I look I am lost. I don't need a thing and one hates to waste money. I so seldom go anywhere that my gowns last forever. Evelyn, you cannot realize how curiously dull it is to have no occupation."

"If you understood the discomforts of working for a living you would appreciate your blessings better. Lonesome, are you? Why not make friends in the apartment house where you live?"

"Of course, that bit of advice is well meant, Evelyn, but in the circumstances it happens to be absurd."

"I fail to see why. If you were not so diffident—"

"My dear girl, I'm not in the least diffident; I am merely afraid of being frozen to death if I should try to make friends with my neighbors."

"I don't understand what you mean," said Evelyn. "If that building were a cold storage warehouse," declared Anne, "the social atmosphere could not be more frigid. Mother and I have lived there a year and a half and not a soul out of all these apartments has made our acquaintance."

"Have you called on your neighbors?"

"Of course not. I would not be so forward as to make advances."

"Then it seems to me you are as bad as the others."

"Indeed, I am not—at least, I do not annoy others. Why, the man in the apartment above ours plays his piano at all hours of the night. He does not even make music, but thumps out some monotonous tune which is as dreary as the moaning of a lost soul. Then there is a woman across the hall with a baby that howls morning, noon and night. Mother went in one day and told her that all the child needed was a little peppermint. The woman replied that the baby was not ill, but was just lonesome whenever she was out of its sight."

"Didn't she come to call after that?" asked Evelyn.

"Is that a joke?" inquired Anne. "You cannot laugh me into liking them. There is a horrid old creature in the apartment below ours who knocks on the ceiling with a broom handle every time I run our sewing machine. We are disgusted with the building and mean to move as soon as our lease expires."

"You do not need to wait, because I'll take the lease off your hands as soon as you like. I am going to go to housekeeping with another girl before long and your apartment would suit us exactly. When you get ready to move let me know."

A few weeks later Evelyn received a note from Anne saying that she and her mother were about to take another apartment, so Evelyn called to see about transferring the lease. During the interval she learned Anne's mother had suffered a fall and was confined to her couch with a dislocated hip. During Evelyn's call so many persons dropped in that she had to remain an hour before she could have Anne to herself.

"I thought you said you knew no one in this building," exclaimed Evelyn at last. "I never saw more warm-hearted people. Yet you called this place a cold storage warehouse."

"That was before mother was hurt," explained Anne. "The moment the people heard of our trouble they rushed in to sympathize and tell us their troubles in turn. That woman with the baby has lost the poor little darling and every day she comes in and talks to us about it and tells of the flowers she lays on its grave."

"What of the lost soul above you who thumped the piano?" inquired Evelyn.

"Please forget the cruel remarks I made about him," cried Anne. "He had a dear mother who died, and he played the piano because it reminded him of her. He is not a musician, yet he could not bear to have the instrument stand silent and neglected. When he heard that mother was hurt he came to inquire if the noise of the piano annoyed her and he has been so kind. I don't know how we could have managed without him."

"Considering the beautiful way these people have behaved, I don't see why you want to move," said Evelyn.

"Oh, we have no intention of leaving the building; we shall take a larger apartment, which will leave this for you."

"Why?" demanded Evelyn.

"It is a bit too soon to tell," said Anne, blushing. "But, since you are determined to know, I am to be married. The young man who thumped the piano proved such a dear that mother and I feel we shall be fortunate to have him in the family."

"So the cold storage house was becoming your home on ice all the while," laughed Evelyn, although she knew

True Story

Here's an experience of a Miami horse back rider.

Girl on horseback looking pretty. Talking in tones, oh how witty! Away she flies as fast as the wind, leaving her friends so far behind. But oh, for luck! Alas and alack! A bumble bee also rides horse back To this the horse objected and gave a bound.

Landing the rider quite flat on the ground.

Now comes her comrades quick ahead. To see if she sleeps or really dead. Not dead but oh so stiff and sore. Hardly able to ride anymore. A bump on the head—a twist of the back.

And several spots all blue and black.

Said she to her friends, "on me don't tell."

And all these hurts I'll wear very well."

"And as far the blue and black spots, don't you know."

They are on places that will never show?"

Stimulate Children?

Ask your doctor how often he prescribes an alcohol c stimulant for children. I e will probably say, "Very, very rarely." Ask him ho v often he prescribes a tonic for them. He will probably an- swer, "Very, very frequently." Then ask him about Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a strong and safe tonic for the young. Not a drop of alcohol in it.

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